

THE CYNICS.

WE'RE cynics, you and I,—and slow at that!
And yet—if kindly Fate should so determine—
We both, I think, might wear the shovel-hat,
Or don the ermine.

We hint at "favour," and we talk of "fudge;"
The sour complaints are legion that we dish up;—
But—really now—imagine me a Judge!
And you a Bishop!

Just think of all the stately dignity!
The splendid income righteously begotten!
The fitness, and—but that will never be,—
The world's so rotten!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHEN the Comte de MERCY-ARGENTEAU sat down daily to write his secret letters to MARIE-THÉRÈSE, Empress of Austria, he little thought he was penning pages that nearly a century and a half later would be eagerly read by the student of history. He was Austrian Ambassador at the Court of Versailles between the years 1766—1790. That was the outward and visible sign of him. Apart from his official position he was the spy of the Austrian Empress at a friendly Court, the secretly appointed guardian of her hapless daughter, MARIE ANTOINETTE. Every day through ten years the Comte wrote to the EMPRESS, giving her minute accounts of her unsuspecting daughter's doings and of the Court in which the young girl passed her life. It was part of the Comte's success that, living under a régime where espionage was cultivated as a fine art and practised as an hourly avocation, he succeeded in getting his correspondence safely delivered into the hands of the EMPRESS. Thus protected, he felt at liberty to write with the freedom of conversation with a trusted friend. The letters, preserved in the Imperial archives of Austria, were some years ago unearthed and published in three mighty volumes. Miss LILLIAN SMYTHE has translated the most interesting of them, stringing them together in a brightly-told historical narrative. They are published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON in two handsome volumes, illustrated by many portraits and photogravures of pictures to-day hung on the walls of the chateau that once was the home of the Austrian EMPRESS's correspondent. It would be impossible to exaggerate the interest of the work. Here, drawn from life, snapshots taken whilst they, unsuspecting, talked and laughed, ate and drank, gambled and conspired, sinned and went to church, are pictures of the men and women who made the Court of LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH. My Baronite has marked many passages for quotation and comment. But the book is long and this page is brief. If any would learn how vile was the Bourbon Court that led straight up to the Revolution, what poor creatures were the men, what soiled butterflies the women, how mean a thing a king may be, and how downtrodden a people, he should straightway study *The Guardian of Marie Antoinette*.

Mr. FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., has, in his *Reminiscences*, recently issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., given us a pleasantly-written volume, full of varied and attractive material. Mr. GOODALL's stories of TURNER, ROSA BONHEUR, RUSKIN, STANFIELD, MACLISE, DAVID COX, LEIGHTON, and other well-known representatives of whatever is best in Art, Literature and the Drama, are generally amusing and always more or less interesting. Mr. GOODALL tells how, on one occasion, he was introduced to Colonel NORTH, the millionaire, and how the Colonel bought a picture of his and insisted on binding the bargain with a tumbler of champagne. "He gave instructions to the waiter," recounts the



W. J. Ford
1902

MODERN BATTING.

One reason why the University Match is so exhilarating.

Mr. Punch says—"TAKE AWAY EITHER HIS BAT OR HIS PADS, IF HE DOESN'T USE 'EM PROPERLY."

modest artist, "to make no half-measures—a thing I had never done in my life before or since. After that," he adds, "I hurried away to tell my wife the pleasant news." This conveys a rather confused and tumbler-of-champagne view of the jovial incident. Even at this distance of time there is a jovial muddle in the narration, just as if the Colonel's "fizz" had not quite got out of the temperate artist's head. It is characteristic of Mr. GOODALL's generous appreciation of the smallest scintillation of wit that he should record how ROSA BONHEUR "said she was 'Bonheur,' but that I was 'Bon tout,'" which *jeu de mot* Mr. GOODALL, in a sort of jocular Pepsian vein, considers "a pretty play on my name." This "appreciation" entitles the genial artist to take rank among the easily amused friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, who, his initials being P. M., used to sign himself "Afternoon," to their great delight. Altogether it is the good-naturedly chatty work of a kindly man, who needs no apology for being less skilful with the pen than with the brush. "Ad multos annos, Mr. GOODALL, R.A.," says

THE BARON DE B. W.

Q. What is sharper than BALFOUR's bill?
A. COWPER-TEMPLE's clause.

A Hardening Process.

WANTED.—A good soft stone Mason; wages 8d. per hour.
Peterborough Advertiser.

THE BOOK OF KING ARTHUR.

A Fragment of Malory.

"How King ARTHUR was crowned, and how he made officers."

THEN ARTHUR that was sister's son to Sir ROBERT OF CECILY (he that had great lore of alchemy and well knew the use of vials and retorts, courteous or other) did do call a great assay of knights. And it was about the feast of St. Swithin. And challenge was made that whoso should assay and had most force to wield the club Ex-Bulger he should have mastery of the knighthood.

But of all the lords and commons was none but ARTHUR that might avail to wield it; save only Sir ORCH the chamberlain, and he was sick of a passing sore *alibi*. Wherefore he let send his son Sir AUSTEN the treasurer, saying: "Sir and my rightwise liege, I would not, and if I could, assay against you. Count me, I pray you, of your vassalage; me contenteth to abide constable of the Outland Britons. Be right sure of my allegiance so long as I be on live."

And when Sir AUSTEN had been well delivered of this word, then the most part of the knighthood sware fealty, and with so loud a voice that the young bloods, that would have had Sir ORCH for king, stood abashed and refrained themselves. And duke CHATTESWORTH, waking from a great swoond, likewise sware fealty by the faith of his body, and fell again heavily on sleep. And the haut lord SEDDON of the Isles, that was not bidden to this assay, gave audience to a chronicler, and bad make public asseverance of his good-will. And so by choice of the knighthood, and by assent of the haut lord SEDDON of the Isles, was ARTHUR crowned king.

And thereafter, at the lists of the West Minster, Sir BELCHAMP PORTE-DRAPEAU, that had right often justed with ARTHUR's company, spake exceeding pleasaunt words, very spontaneous, so as ARTHUR grew red of cheek like to a shame-faced damsel. And the knights had great content each of other.

And I shall tell you how that ARTHUR must needs have new officers of his Table. For Sir MIKE LE DESPENSER that was over the tolls, and had made them more grievous than ever had been heretofore, pleaded eld, and would withdraw him into hermitage. And thereto, as the word is, he made as if to send in his checks. Yet was he still well beseen and debonair, and a mark for ladies to look on at the trellis.

And the choice of some, not being asked, fell on the lord GEORGE, of Hamiltoun and Inde, for that he would come to the matter with a free wit untainted by knowledge of any such manner of thing. But some there were that held that Sir BROADBRICK DE SANDHURST stood in parlous need of new employ, and would deal no worse in this wise than elsewhere. And other some would have Sir HANBURGH summoned like duke CINCINNATUS from the plough. And there were certain few that would let recall the overlord of OUTREVALLES from nether Afric, for no cause save that he knew, better than most, what he would be after; and make place for another that should be a babe in such business.

But so many and great were shown to be the deserts of other knights that there was rumour how a new leaf should be added to the Round Table. And of councillors that made choice aforehand in the king's behalf was no sort of lack; and, namely, of chroniclers that have presage of all things or ever they come to pass.

But against every each need did ARTHUR devise as seemed him good.

So here leneth of the Historge of Arthur's Crowning. And here foloweth the fife hundred and ninety and seventh chapter of the Wyllle for the better teachynge of ponge childeren.

O. S.

THE CORK REGATTA.

THERE was Lord O'BRIEN,
That Four Courts lion,
Says he, "You must enter, you must," he says.
He 's the boy to coax,
Wid his stories and jokes,
Ould PETHER, the Lord Chief Justice, is.
And, upon me soul,
He 's bought 'em a bowl
Subscribed by a mighty fine gentry list;
And he wheedled the crews
Till they couldn't refuse,
And packed them into the entry list.

Leander came
Wid their roll of fame,
But Henley had made 'em look crazy now.
Wid their caps of pink
They could make you blink,
And their cox sayin', "Arrah, be aisy now."
They were cheerful and gay
In their English way,
And they never looked to be troublin', boys,
Till they caught a sight
Of the black and white
Of the Trinity College Dublin boys.

The *Ruderverein*
Looked mighty fine,
And, oh, but it 's confident still I am
That they 'll make us blow
When they start to row,
These lads of the Emperor WILLIAM.
They smoked no pipes,
But they drank their swipes,
And they ate their mutton and chicken up;
And *Donner und Blitz*,
But they gave us fits,
Wid their German moustaches stickin' up.

Emmanuel too
Looked neat and new:
From the banks of the Cam, where the willows are,
They had travelled to see
The river Lee,
Where the currents and tides and the billows are.
There were Oxford Blues
In their College crews,
And they didn't mean to be dawdlin' there
In the head of the Is-
-is dressed up nice,
And the Scarlet College of Magdalen there.

From the South and the North
Of the isle came forth
The Irishmen full of devilry:
They were brothos of boys
For the fun and noise,
And good at rowing and revelry.
And when they had done
There was one crew won,
And eight of the rowers were frisky there;
But none of the rest
Looked much depressed,
For they knew there was plenty of whisky there.
"Tis."

MOTOR CARCASSES.—Mr. Punch compliments the *Essex County Chronicle* on the happy accident which is responsible for the above title of an account of Motor Car Cases brought before a local Court. Most suggestive.

**AMONG LIONS.**

Trafalgar Square Lion (to St. Mark's Lion). "WE ALL SYMPATHISE WITH YOU IN YOUR LOSS. I ONLY WISH SOME OF OUR LONDON MONUMENTS WOULD COME DOWN AS EASILY!"

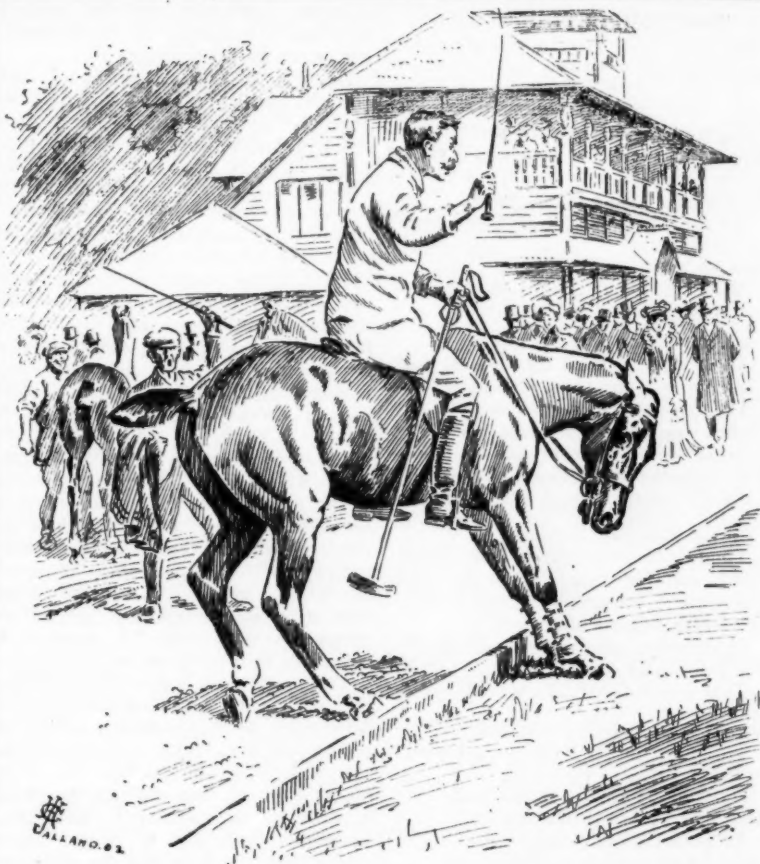
[The Campanile of St. Mark's fell Monday, July 14.]



AN EDUCATIONAL PRODUCT:
NEW STYLE.

MY DEAR GUY,—Isn't it *ripping*? I've got my colours for the Eleven after all, just when I thought I was going to get kicked out, as I hadn't made many runs lately, only 7 and 11 and 0 and 17 in the last two matches. But last night GRACE (our Captain, you know) came into my room after House-prayers and said, "I've very much pleasure in giving you your colours." I never felt so like crying in my life. Won't Father be pleased! It's all his teaching me to catch got me them, because GRACE said it was specially for my fielding. And I've been made a Prefect, too, though I'm not in the Sixth yet, which is very lucky for me. At the end of this term the Eleven goes to St. Nicholas to play our great match. It takes us a whole day in the train to get there, and we shall sleep there two nights. Won't it be splendid? Do they let your Eleven go as far as that to play matches? I do hope we win. I know I shall be jolly nervous. Fancy reading, when the account of the match comes out in the school magazine, that I had made a duck, or missed a catch, or let a ball through my legs! After the match I've asked our captain to come home with me for the holidays. There's no one in the *world* I like so much, though I didn't use to, except, of course, Mummie and Father and you. I do hope you two will hit it off. I do like people to be strong, and there's no one in the school can throw half so far, and as for batting I really believe *our* GRACE is nearly as good as W. G., besides being Al at hockey and swimming and everything else. Oh, dear! I do wish you were better at cricket. We three might have had such fun together if you were. Of course it's very jolly your being so clever. I told GRACE you were top of the school, and I'm very proud of you, dear old boy, but I had to say you weren't in the Eleven. Still, I never can help wishing that you didn't take after Mummie so much—not in *that* respect, I mean. Of course, I know it isn't her fault. They used to do *calisthenics* when she was at school, and wear *back-boards*, and sew, and go for walks two and two, so it's no wonder she doesn't know one end of a bat from the other! And even then she was luckier than most girls, because generally they didn't go to school at all, but just sat in the drawing-room with their mothers all day. I must go now, I've got some beastly rep. to learn. I'll try and finish this to-morrow.

An awful thing happened here this morning. Someone in my form drew a



THE FIRST TIME CAPTAIN F. TRIED TO PLAY THAT PONY HE PICKED UP SO CHEAPLY, HE FOUND IT TRUE TO THE DESCRIPTION GIVEN OF IT BY THE LATE OWNER, WHO GUARANTEED IT NOT IN THE LEAST AFRAID OF THE STICK.

picture of old ORATIO OBLIQUA, who comes to teach us drawing. We call him that because he drops his H's, and his name is HORACE, and one leg is shorter than the other, or else one's too long. And the Head saw it stuck on the black-board, and says if whoever did it doesn't confess the whole form will have to go home, and I and our best bowler won't be able to play in the match! Isn't it *horribly* unfair—like they did at Sandhurst. I'm perfectly miserable about it. I've been looking forward to the chance of playing the whole of this term. I believe I know who did it too, only of course I don't want to tell. At least I'm not sure yet. Do you think—considering how awfully important it is that we should win this match—I might? Goodness! There's 3 striking, and my net practice is at 3.10. I must fly. I'll let you know what happens. So long, old boy. Heaps of love and write soon to

Your loving Sister, MAY.

P.S.—It's all right! She's confessed! I'm awfully glad I didn't

sneak now. It was the girl I thought it was all the time. I told GRACE, and she asked her point-blank if it was her, and it was, and she's awfully keen on games, though she's too small yet to be much good, and directly GRACE put it to her about the match, and how important it was for the school, she saw it at once. I don't think she'll get into much of a row, only have to apologise to old ORATIO most likely, I expect.

P.S. 2.—Bother! I've lost one of my batting-gloves. And you might tell someone to have the nets up and a decent wicket ready for GRACE and me when we come. MAY.

DR. KITCHENER.

PORTRAITS of K. of K.'in' his Honorary Doctor's gown are familiar. This is the Hood that goes with it:—

"Immortal KITCHENER! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's."

Tom Hood's Ode to Dr. Kitchener.

THE COMPLETE SPELLER.

["It is no longer necessary that a gentleman should know how to handle a rapier, but spell he must."—*Monthly Paper*.]

The courtly grace of bygone days
Is, my CLARISSA, now no more;
The stately bow, the well-turned phrase
That pleased our ancestors of yore
No longer added honours bring
To rank that's high or blood that's blue,
And he who'd reign a social king
Must know his Nuttall through and through.

I am not famous for the grace
With which I twirl my clouded cane,
I seldom trim my shirt with lace,
Holding such fripperies as vain.
If that your praises I would tell
From high-flown compliments I flee,
And shun the thing that I can spell,
Apothegmatic eulogy.

I am not naturally fierce,
Though far from craven is my heart;
I little know of thrusts in tierce,
Nor can I disengage in carte;
For fencing care I not a jot,
Nor thirst to slay my mortal foe,
Yet I can spell what I am not,
That is a braggadocio.

Yes, though in lists I may not ride
To champion her I fain would wed,
In lists examiners provide
My name is always at the head.
And, as I know my Webster pat,
As fits a man of pedigree,
Dear, let me wear your favours at
The next All-England Spelling Bee.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

WHEN you have reached Grenoble from Aix-les-Bains you discover that you are about as far from the Monastery on the other side. But that only makes you more eager to get there. People who have never been to Aix can have no idea how the excursion to the Grande Chartreuse grows upon you. The difficulties of the journey increase your expectations of the beauties at the end. The exploits of those who have got there, and back again, fill you with envy. It occurs to you that, ever after, if you are offered a glass of *chartreuse jaune* or *chartreuse verte*, you will think, or say, "I have tasted it at the Monastery itself." The Monastery! The very name suggests something ancient and beautiful. Why the one at Haute-combe, just across the Lac du Bourget, in a building of no historical interest, and for the most part of contemptible carpenter's Gothic, which only Baedeker could admire, is a delightful place, amidst charming gardens sloping up from the blue waters of the lake. At last you feel that you must see the

Grande Chartreuse and die, even if your death is caused by undue hurrying at six in the morning.

Nevertheless, I still cherish faint hopes that it may be possible to leave at a reasonable time. Before I finish dinner I ask the head waiter if it is necessary to start early. "Ah non, Monsieur," he replies, with the air of a man who had never heard such a thing suggested, "*pas du tout. Vous partez à six heures.*"

But further investigation in time-tables reveals the unsuspected fact that there is a late train, a sort of *train de luxe* for invalids or sybaritic millionaires, which starts at 8.5 A.M. Supposing that anyone in ordinary health and of decent poverty is allowed to travel by this, it really would be pleasant to linger in bed till half-past six just for once. The station is far away, and the hotel omnibus starts before half-past seven. I remark to the *concierge* that at that hour one could not of course obtain a cab. "*Mais si, Monsieur,*" he answers, almost indignant at the implication that his fellow-citizens are sluggards, "*les voitures de place sont là à partir de sept heures.*"

The next morning, waking earlier than necessary, I almost startle these early risers by demanding a cold bath at half-past five. The *garçon de l'étage* struggles in, hauling a *bain de siège*, places it on the floor, and contemplates it with an expression of thoughtful anxiety. Suddenly a bright smile comes over his face, and he exclaims, with his Southern accent, "*Maingtenaing il faut de l'eau.*" So, having had a cold bath with water in addition, I have time to drive round Grenoble, and see its pleasant gardens and fine streets, before I catch the train at eight.

This train does not take you to the Grande Chartreuse. It does not even take you to the place whence you start to go there. It takes you in an entirely different direction, towards Lyons, and it drops you at 8.55 at one little town, where you find a little tramway train starting at 10—so, if you wish, you can snatch an hour's sleep in the *salle d'attente* before it goes—which takes you in another hour to another little town, whence finally *un break* conveys you, all eagerness at approaching your destination after these changes, to the Grande Chartreuse. The little tramway passes through fine hilly scenery, the *break* mounts slowly through delightful woods and precipitous gorges, and at last, after this tremendous journey, the Grande Chartreuse, the goal of all your efforts, bursts upon your astonished gaze.

Astonished, with good reason. It may be a goal, but it looks much more

like a gaol. Its plainness cannot be due to any rules of the Order, for—not to mention the one at Pavia—there is a Certosa near Florence which is delightful and beautiful, and as easy to reach as it is difficult to tear oneself away from. The Grande Chartreuse is an absolutely uninteresting building, in a valley, high among mountains, with no view in any direction. There is nothing whatever to see, inside or out. As for the *liqueur*, some small bottles for sale are the only things that remind one of its existence. When, after infinite difficulty, one has arrived, one's only idea is to get away again as fast as possible.

So if ever, on a summer afternoon, you should think of this excursion while sitting in the shade at Aix, I advise you to snap your fingers at Baedeker, and go to sleep comfortably where you are. ROBINSON THE ROVER.

WAKE UP, ENGLAND.

"CONVICT" writes:—May I encroach on your valuable columns to raise my voice against the strangling by red tape and officialism of the burgling, Hooligan, and welshing industries, to say nothing of child-beating and bigamy? The attitude of Jack-in-office sanitary inspectors has practically arrested house-building in the suburbs. This free-trade craze, again, bears terribly hardly on the British smuggler. Industry is being driven abroad; can we afford to lag behind Turkey, Morocco, China, and other countries, where it has fair play? Will the new Premier adopt a broader, more progressive programme? I enclose my alias as a guarantee of good faith.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.—I.

(Being the correspondence of JAKE P. HUNTINGTON, Senator, newspaper proprietor and storekeeper, of Clamville, Nebraska, U.S.A., now on a visit to England.)

June 18, 1902.

... AND when you write by the next mail, ELIZA, do tell how the Jersey cow pulled through. That matter of the beans for next fall can stand over till after the Session. Better see that ELI totes the whisky casks with the molasses labels on over to the barn before the Revival man happens in. He's got a mighty keen nose for whisky, and any suspicions of that sort wouldn't fit in with my prohibition views. But if he wants it badly, tell him to go out and fill the jug after dark. As you say JONATHAN Q. ROEBUCK is going to get married, see that he don't run any more credit. I don't believe in a man marrying in debt—leastways not in mine. Marry in debt and repay at leisure ain't

good business. Show him the old motto behind the door:—"In Providence we trust. All others cash."

I've been having a look round London as well as I could, allowing for the weather, which, in a manner of speaking, has been spotty. Just now I've got as far as the Strand and the policemen. The Strand, you know, ELIZA, is one of the principal thoroughfares in this City, like Ninth Street in Clamville, and when it's tidied up I dare swear it'll be all right. At present it's a bit jagged, and the language of the car drivers has scorched a deal of the paint off the lamp standards. I will allow, ELIZA, that for real glowing words the London car driver gets a fine hold of possibilities when he's thick in a jam for twenty minutes. Remember how RED RUBE held forth when he shot his finger off at the barbecue, and the remarks of TIM MCGINTY when his daughter skipped with a vaudeville crowd? That was just a mission service compared to a car driver's oratory when he finds he'll be ten minutes late on the scheduled time.

I was yarning to a Britisher the other evening on the stoop of the hotel. He was an intelligent sort of a dude, and stepped out of his national ice-safe manner for quite five minutes when he'd persuaded himself that I wasn't selling him a gold brick or buried dollars in Spain.

"Now this Strand of yours," I said; "I'll allow it's a mighty pretty street, but do tell why you're making claims on it? Anyone lost anything, or is it for the sake and health of the unemployed?"

"Well, you see," said the Britisher, slowly, "it appears there's going to be a Coronation. When the authorities heard of that fact through the low common newspapers they started the celebrations early, and just dug up the Strand to give us something to look at." (I believe a Britisher has been known to joke, so I took it that way.)

Fancy that in Clamville, 'LIZA! There'd be some smart play with the guns, I reckon.

But the policeman, 'LIZA! Oh! he's a bute! I saw one the other day at work. He was just great. A car had mixed itself up with a fruit lorry, the off wheel of a pair-horse shay was sharing the trouble, two old girls were in the middle of it all wanting to faint and afraid to do it, while a crowd of three hundred looked on and gave silly advice. Then the policeman, 'LIZA, came before the curtain. He pushed off the crowd, unfixed the car and lorry, took the name and address of the pair-horse shay and helped the old girls across the road into a tea dive in two minutes without so much as sweating.



"MAY THE WING OF FRIENDSHIP NEVER MOULT A FEATHER!"

"DID YOU REMEMBER TO CALL AND INQUIRE AFTER DEAR MRS. BOREHAM?"

"YES, BUT I QUITE FORGOT WHAT THE ANSWER WAS."

"THAT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE. I'M SO GLAD YOU INQUIRED!"

And when I asked him the way to the Tower of London he didn't club me on the head, he just smiled like a babe and told me which car to take, what time they opened the show, and the day when free tickets were allowed. I asked him if he'd do the usual, and he said he never took anything on duty, and then went off to arrest a drunken rough who was trying to kiss a lamp-post. He's just a picture card is the London policeman, all wool and a yard wide.

Well, 'Liz, I guess this finishes here. To-morrow I look in at Madame TUSSAUD'S. Madame runs a picture

gallery that's mighty cute, they tell me. Tell DEAF PETE, the photographer, I'll send him the catalogue so's he can see how art is fixed over here. JAKE.

P.S.—Tell ELI I don't think the *Mail and Banner* he sent last mail is any great shakes. He didn't lay it on thick enough for MARLY P. HUMMINGTOP. "Woolly-headed Snake" ain't strong enough. He might say in the next issue that MARLY is a back-number politician, with a black heart and morals like a nigger's dog. Not stronger than that, or there may be trouble before I get back.

THE BALLAD OF THE CAUTIOUS LOVER.

FAIR she is and kind and gracious,
As my heart would fain confess,
But it might seem too audacious,
And she might respect me less ;
For our friendship is so recent,
Time alone its strength can prove ;
And it would be scarcely decent
At this point to hint of love.

Were she just a trifle older,
And a shade less prone to jest,
Then I might perchance prove bolder,
Yet a cautious game is best ;
It will save me future worry,
Spare the cynic's mocking smile,
If I wait and do not hurry,
Weighing pro's and con's the while.

After much deliberation,
And a deal of mental strife,
I have sent an intimation,
Asking her to be my wife ;
Though her beauty's not distracting,
And she has her faults, 'tis true,
Yet one must not be exacting,
On the whole I think she'll do.

(Her Letter.)

"Thank you for your condescension,
You are really very kind,
But this masculine attention
Must distress your peace of mind ;
I'm aware that you have 'sized' me
Up for many an anxious week,
That you've watched and criticised me,
—Now at length you deign to speak !

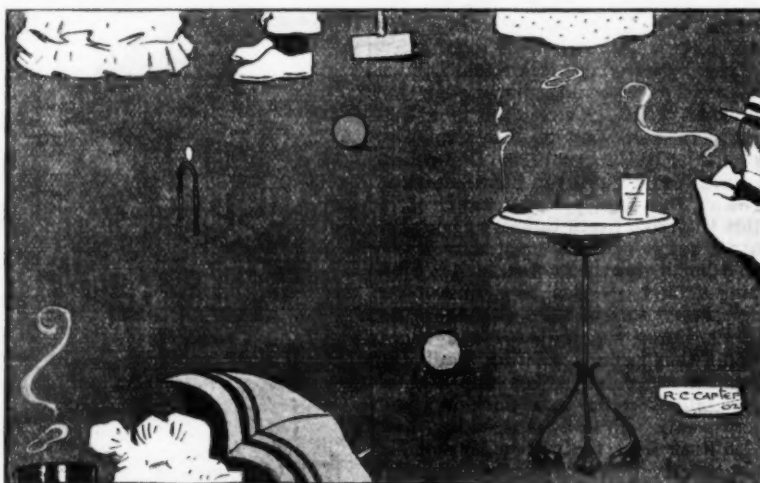
"Thank you for your condescension,
(As I think I said before,)
And 'twere better I should mention
That I feel a trifle sore.
Can it be you never question
I have anything to lose ?
(Pray forgive the bold suggestion)
So I thank you and—refuse."

NOTES ON K. OF K.'S RETURN.

LORD KITCHENER's aversion from receiving addresses is well known, but the report that the General made use of an expletive after listening to the Paddington Corporation is untrue, and the misconception arose in a peculiar way. The Mayor of Paddington who presented the address was Sir JOHN AIRD, and the General happened to ask him how his Dam was getting on.

The arrival platform was laid with Brussels carpet. The fact that Lord KITCHENER trod this underfoot has been taken as a personal insult by Dr. LEYDS.

History repeats itself. In the Franco-Prussian War Lord KITCHENER was on



MODERN IMPRESSIONIST ART—THE GARDEN PARTY.

the side of the French. It was the same in the procession the other day.

It was inevitable that some persons should be disappointed with the procession, for, up to the last moment, a comparatively brisk business had been done by unscrupulous hawkers in Panoramas of the Coronation Procession.

And the Lady from the Country who left after seeing the Prince of WALES drive by in his General's uniform, under the impression that she had seen KITCHENER, thought that very few of the Warrior's portraits had quite caught his likeness.

When the General himself passed, the enthusiasm became intense. Moreover it proved infectious, and even a German gentleman, carried away by the excitement of the moment, was heard to cry loudly, "Bravo Bors !" to KITCHENER.

In fact there was only one discordant note. At Hyde Park Corner a stout gentleman with a heavy gold watch-chain hissed KITCHENER. He had had his hat broken in on Peace Night.

When Lord ROBERTS returned from South Africa, Lord KITCHENER was given the local rank of General. After the Banquet he was a full General.

In many instances the adaptation of the Coronation devices to suit the circumstances showed considerable ingenuity. For example, in several places one noticed that the initials "E.R." had had the word "KITCHEN" prefixed to them.

The current number of *Every Girl's Magazine* contains, as a supplement, a life-size portrait, in colours, of his Lordship's moustache.

There is apparently to be a Comic History of the War. Its coloured frontispiece representing incidents in the life of Lord KITCHENER, including the signing of the Treaty of Peace in an open tent, is now on sale, price one shilling, and can be seen outside many stationers' shops for nothing.

Owing to a recent accident in the *Lady's Realm*, very few papers that appeared on the previous Friday published illustrations of Lord KITCHENER's reception on the following Saturday.

Lord KITCHENER has expressed his regret that he arrived back too late to take part in the QUEEN's Tea to the other "Generals."

It is rumoured that there is already friction between Lord KITCHENER and the War Office. The War Office authorities, it seems, were extremely annoyed that Lord KITCHENER arrived at Paddington punctually. They accuse him of riding rough-shod over their traditions.

The real reason why KITCHENER hurried home is not generally known. He is to attempt to restore order at Sandhurst. It is realised that, if anyone can do it, it is he.

We are pleased to be able to print a full and verbatim report of the speech made by his Lordship to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES at Paddington Station. It was, "How do you do, Sir ?"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

(To his peculiar friend, within doors.)

A STRONG discomfort in the dress
Dwindling the clothes to nothingness,
Saving, for due decorum set,
A huck-a-back, or towelet,
In fine arrangement, that the touch
Haply may spare to chafe o'ermuch :
A languid frame, from head to feet
Prankt in the arduous prickle-heat ;
An erring fly, that here and there
Enwraths the crimsoned sufferer ;
An upward toe, whose skill enjoys
The slipper's curious equivoise ;
A punkah wantoning, whereby
Papers do flow confoundedly ;
By such comportment, and th' offence
Of thy fantastic eloquence,
Dost thou, my WILLIAM, make it known
That thou art warm, and best alone.
DUM-DUM.

PLACE AUX "DAMES."

LADY COOK required, near town. Also Lady Help.

LADY NURSE wanted to take baby. *Advt. Daily News.*

No doubt in a few brief years the status of the domestic servant will be still further advanced, and we may then expect to find even the elect reduced to inserting notices couched in terms of the most abject humility.

Thus, for a Cook :—

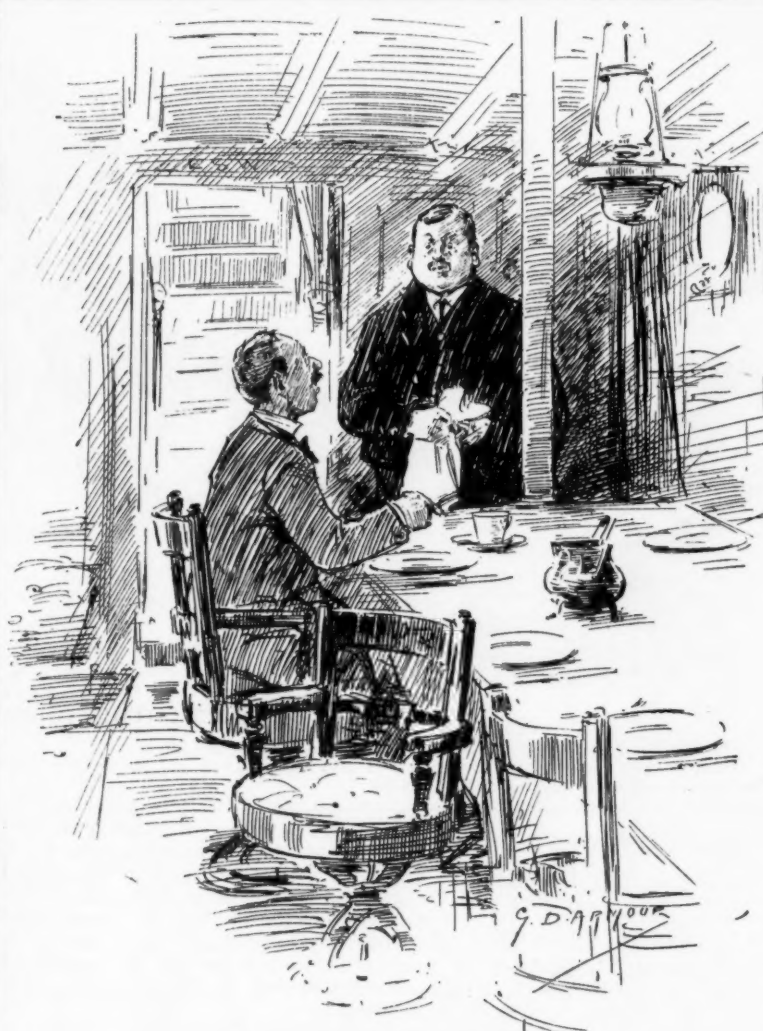
"The Duchess of M . . . would be greatly obliged if some gracious lady would condescend to undertake the culinary operations in her household. A brougham would always be at the lady's disposal in the morning, and the Duchess of M . . . would of course be only too happy to arrange to dine in the middle of the day whenever the lady desires to go to the theatre or elsewhere in the evening."

For a Housemaid :—

"Lady N . . . would feel greatly honoured by the co-operation of a young lady in the accomplishment of a little light housework. In return for these services Lady N . . . would be glad to give, in addition to the full salary of £500 per annum required by the regulations of the Lady Helps Association, her services as chaperon whenever required."

For a Scullery-maid :—

"A lady is invited to place herself in communication with this agency re a lucrative appointment in the scullery of a Marchioness. The Marchioness would strive in every way to accommodate her guest, and, though conscious of her own imperfections and those of the Marquis, would nevertheless hope to be not entirely unsuccessful in her efforts to please. Any suggestions which the scullery lady might



A SECRET OF THE SEA.

Passenger. "LOOK HERE, STEWARD, IF THIS IS COFFEE, I WANT TEA ; BUT IF THIS IS TEA, THEN I WISH FOR COFFEE."

make with a view to securing her own greater personal comfort would receive every consideration.—Apply, The Big Sell Agency, &c."

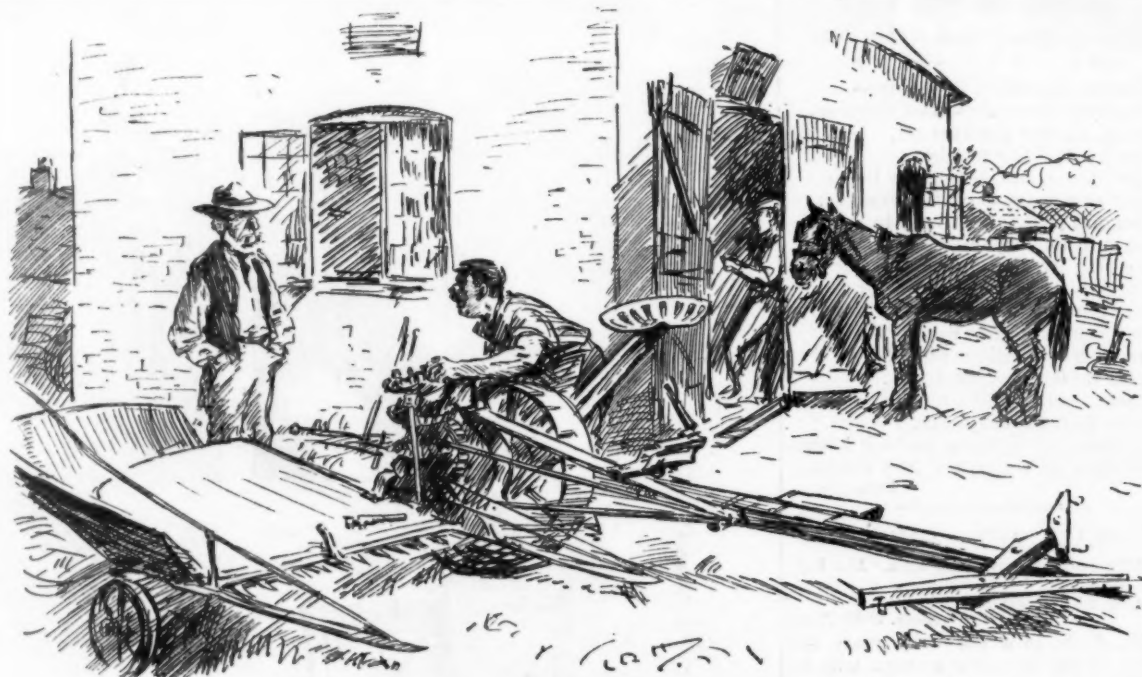
For a Nursemaid :—

"The Countess J . . . hopes that this advertisement may meet the eye of some charitably disposed lady, who would be willing to allow a little boy and girl (both very quiet children) to play around her for a few hours daily. A considerable selection from current fiction would always be at the lady's disposal. If, moreover, it were not making too great a tax on the lady's good nature, the Countess J . . . would esteem it a great favour if she (the lady) would occasionally hold the baby in her arms for a few minutes only. Aware

that those under whose authority children are placed are peculiarly susceptible to the fascinations of the military profession, the Countess J . . . would be pleased to entertain any officer (general or otherwise) whom the lady might honour with her notice."

For a Lady's-maid :—

"The Honourable SOPHIA B . . . is desirous of becoming acquainted with a lady who has devoted some attention to affairs of the toilet. The Honourable SOPHIA B . . . ventures to express confidence that she will be able to satisfy any lady who may be good enough to accord her an interview that she is a person whom the lady may quite properly come into daily contact with."



"ONE WHO KNOWS" (THE ORIGINAL).

Blacksmith. "YOU'VE LET THIS GET IN A SHOCKIN' STATE, MR. HODGE!"

Hodge. "NOW, DOAN'T YOU GO A-TELLIN' I AS I DOAN'T KNOW 'OW TO MANAGE THESE 'ERE MACHINES, FUR I'VE 'AD TO DO WI' 'EM EVER SINCE THEY WAS MADE—AN' BEFORE!"

WHEN WE WERE BOYS.

(Mr. Punch's Apocryphal Autobiographies.)

II.—M. P-D-R-WSKI.

To begin at the beginning I may say that both my parents were Poles: hence my personal magnetism. I was born quite bald, but have taken care never to be so since. The earliest musical experience I can recall is recognising a chord of the submerged tenth, struck by my father in an adjoining apartment while I was being bathed in the nursery; but all my early surroundings were melodious. My aunt was a great performer on the samovar; my uncle, who emigrated to America along with SIENKIEWICZ, the famous Polish novelist, used to imitate the bobolink to perfection; while my second cousin is a Hospodar. Hence I grew up in a thoroughly musical atmosphere.

It was not, however, decided immediately that I was to become a pianist. On my sixth birthday a family council was held. One relative was for the army, another for the navy, one for the church, another for the bar, another for the double bar. They could not agree; words ran high; a Polish insurrection

seemed imminent, and the name of KOSCIUSKO had more than once been invoked when I slipped to the piano, climbed on the music stool, and played the overture to *Manru*. Quiet was instantly restored, and music from that instant held undivided sway over me, mitigated only by billiards and ping-pong.

My education was prolonged and exhaustive. After taking a Pole degree *in absentia* at Cambridge I repaired to the University of Warsaw to complete my equipment for the battle of life. There my chief teacher was LESCHETIZKY, as is well known.

It is not, however, generally understood that I worked at pugilism under POBIEDONOSTZEFF and at pianofortification under KRAG-JORGENSEN. I also mastered the theory of capillary attraction under my dear Aunt MAKASSAROVITCH, *née* TATCHOSIMSKY, whose husband was the famous explorer of the Hairy Ainus. Last, but not least, I acquired the art of hand-shaking under President CLEVELAND.

In those days I frequently practised fifteen hours a day, and had to be removed from the keyboard by wild horses. On one occasion the horses

forgot to come, and I remained hard at work until the next morning. During that night my hair turned auburn. Still I persevered—with what result the readers of *P.A.P.* need not be reminded. How well I remember my nervousness at my *début*! It was only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that I avoided a *fiasco*. Ten Cossacks of the Ukraine fainted, and the hardy denizens of the Blue Alsatian mountains were melted to unfamiliar tears. It was, as Sir LEWIS MORRIS remarks, a triumphant day.

After that I was soon able to play any piano and composer with impunity. As a mere matter of personal feeling, however, I prefer a Krupp grand, with a Harveyised steel resonator and bonzo-line keys.

What more is there to tell? With that triumphant moment I left boyhood behind me. I. J. P.

THE dangers of our climate, with its sudden falls of twenty degrees, are illustrated by a barber's announcement in Kensington to the effect that "M. GAUBERT has transferred his business to the care of Mr. TRUEFIT." Or is this merely a concession to Mrs. GRUNDY?



THE LAST FURROW.

(Lord SALISBURY's resignation announced, Monday, July 14.)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.

—The MEMBER FOR SARK has always insisted that C.-B. is the worst-used



HIDING HIS BLUSHES.

Mr. Balfour makes his first appearance in the House as Prime Minister amid a storm of cheering on all sides.

man in public life. It may be added that it would be impossible to exaggerate the undeservedness of the situation. As far as his own side is concerned the Liberal Party owe him a debt they can never repay; to do them justice they have never made attempt to meet it. The only parallel in political history of the last thirty years is found when Lord HARTINGTON filled the gap in the leadership created by the retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE in 1874. The party was then as little grateful as it has proved in presence of the daily sacrifice made by C.-B.

Like HARTINGTON in 1875, C.-B. in 1899 would, if he had followed his own inclination and personal interest, have declined the thorny crown of leadership. From simple sense of duty, impelled by fealty to a cause in distress, he accepted the post, and has ever since lived in turmoil peculiarly painful to one of his sunny nature. Oddest feature in the situation is that, whilst he is not comforted and strengthened by the loyalty of a united Party, he has been the special mark of enmity on the other side. In the House, on the platform, in the Party press, kind-hearted, good-humoured, courteous, canny C.-B. has been the

target of contumely and scorn. This attitude was assumed in moment of heat created by a luckless phrase, criticising the conduct of British troops in the field. There has been nothing else either in uttered speech or habitual attitude to justify the personally bitter tone of the Ministerialists.

This made it all the more pleasant to-night to find from that quarter of the House recognition of the true C.-B. His simple words of welcome hailing PRINCE ARTHUR, wearing for the first time the laurel wreath of the Premiership, went straight home to every heart. His bold breach of order, making his little speech whilst questions were still in progress, added to the effect.

There was really nothing new in this; it was the same C.-B., victim of constant wrangling in the home circle, object of angry abuse abroad. His unaffectedly simple, hearty speech was heard again a few minutes later in tribute to the MARKISS. His first unconventional interposition gave the true note to an incident that showed the House of Commons at its best; party strife lulled in admiration, almost affectionate esteem, for a political foe; the recipient of the priceless honour, cynical man of the world, case-hardened Parliamentarian, making response in faltering voice with tear-dimmed eyes.

PRINCE ARTHUR's halting words, "In fact, I am quite incapable of saying what I feel," were worth more than half-an-hour's ordered speech rounded off by brilliant peroration.

Business done.—The MARKISS hands the Premiership over to PRINCE ARTHUR, and retires from the leadership of the House of Lords.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Yesterday, amid every sign of confidence and esteem, COUNTY GUY was installed in Leadership of the House, *vice* the MARKISS taking his rest, his Hatfield cloak around him. To-day House re-assembled with prospect of debate on the re-settlement of South Africa. And where was COUNTY GUY?

Well, not to put too fine a point on it, he wasn't here. Some men newly set in high position, fearful of being late, would have been fussing round a quarter of an hour before the appointed time. Yawning over the Orders of the Day, the Leader of the House of Lords came to the conclusion he wasn't wanted. Something about "facilities and inducements to British subjects, both male and female, to settle in South Africa." CAMPERDOWN had question on the paper; ONSLOW, representing Colonial Office, would answer it. COUNTY GUY knew nothing about it. Why anyone in this hot weather should want to settle in South Africa was, when he came to begin to think he was thinking

about it, a very extraordinary proceeding. If it was Greenland now, or Siberia, it would be pleasant. But South Africa! mention of the place sent fresh wave of heat across the room.

Let 'em talk round the subject, if they found any gratification in the exercise with the thermometer at 88 in the shade. As for COUNTY GUY, he would just stop where he was.

"The great art of leading, TOBY, dear boy," he said, politely suppressing a yawn at sight of me, "is to let your men lead themselves, or at least think they are doing so. It's wonderful how things settle down and arrange themselves if you don't fuss round them."

Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on Foreign Estimates. Cousin CRANBORNE carefully avoids reference to Japan or circumstances under which Treaties are negotiated.

Friday night.—HARDINGE STANLEY GIFFARD, Baron HALSBURY, Viscount TIVERTON, Constable of Launceston Castle, sits on the Woolpack, a LORD CHANCELLOR all forlorn. Others truly lament the withdrawal from the scene of the colossal figure which, but a week ago, slumbered on the Ministerial bench. For the LORD CHANCELLOR the disappearance of the MARKISS is the severance of a rarely close friendship. The twain were ancient cronies. As becomes his high estate, the LORD CHANCELLOR refrains from the paroxysm of regret described in analogous circumstances in *Hudibras*:—

He beat his Breast and tore his Hair
For loss of his dear Crony Bear.

But the sorrow is not the less because, in accordance with stately manner pertaining to all episodes, outward and visible sign of grief is repressed.

For some years nothing has been



"Well, I haven't got much out of that!"
(Sir R-dv-rs B-il-r.)



ANCIENT CRONIES.

"Apparently telling one another *risqué* stories."
(Lord S-l-ab-ry and Lord H-lab-ry.)

more common in the House of Lords than to see the PREMIER and the LORD CHANCELLOR hobnobbing on the Wooll-sack, apparently telling each other *risqué* stories. Once a scene of some embarrassment followed on the habit. The Order Paper contained very little public business. But there were two Bills with which it was proposed to make progress. The MARKISS and the LORD CHANCELLOR, seated on the Wooll-sack, chuckling together for fully ten minutes, did not notice approach of the hand of the clock to half-past four, when public business begins. It was the LORD CHANCELLOR's turn to tell a story. The MARKISS was bending his head towards him, his countenance wrinkled with rare laughter, the story evidently just coming to the point, when through the silent Chamber boomed Big Ben sounding the half-hour. The MARKISS rose with surprising swiftness, ambled back to his place, and without resuming his seat said, "I move that the House do now adjourn."

"The question is," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, gravity settling upon him like a cloud on sunlit Himalaya, "that this House do now adjourn. Those of that opinion say 'Content,' the contrary 'Not Content.' The Contents have it."

Before the House knew where it was it was "up," leaving two noble Lords

in charge of Bills gasping on back benches.

Business done.—House of Commons in Committee on War Office Estimates.

CRUMBS FOR CRICKETERS.

II.—FROM OUR OWN FRYING-PAN.

THE Leamshire and Diddlesex match is admittedly an affair of world-wide importance. And so, Mr. Punch, you did well to follow the novel plan of some of your contemporaries, by obtaining an account of it from one taking an actual part in the game; one, moreover, who was unquestionably the finest player on either side. Personally, I loathe self-advertisement. There is no subject that I would write on less willingly than that of my own deeds in the cricket field, marvellous and unique as these are. And this almost morbid modesty of mine will explain the absence of any reference to myself in the following notes. Despite your own urgent wishes and those of my countless readers, I must confine my remarks to a plain and straightforward account of the Diddlesex and Leamshire match.

I was born in London on the 31st of September, 187—no, I will not give the precise year. Thousands of readers hunger to learn it, but the modern craze

for personal journalism is an unmix'd evil. (Besides, you can find the date for yourself in *Wisden*.) At the age of two years and three months I made my first century, completely collaring my nurse's bowling and placing her length-balls between the coal-scuttle and the bedstead. The bat I used on this historic occasion has been presented to the British Museum. Entering the football arena at the age of three [Forty lines of autobiographical matter are unavoidably omitted. —Ed.] though I always liked French mustard better than the English variety. This last piece of news, never hitherto published, is copyrighted in the United States and elsewhere.

But it is to the Diddlesex and Leamshire match that my attention must be strictly limited to-day. My side won the toss, and two Diddlesex batsmen, quite passable players in their own styles, opened our innings. I rather fancy that they made a fair number of runs, but I'm not sure about this, and anyhow it doesn't matter. Sooner or later, however, one of them was dismissed, and I filled the vacancy. I was wearing my Free Foresters' cap, which, by the way, has a rather curious history attached to it. [Twenty-five lines deleted here.—Ed.]

To resume. Facing me was JOHN YORKER, far and away the finest bowler in England. His second ball would have turned in slightly from the off, and I should have cut it for three. His third would have gone away with his arm, and I fancy that I should have been satisfied with a snick to the boundary, placed just out of long-slip's reach. The fourth and fifth, being ordinary good-length balls, I should have been content to drive for a couple each. But the last of the over, which would have been a trifle slower and with a leg-break on it, I should have lifted clean out of the ground for six.

This would have been an enjoyable performance—though absurdly easy to me—so it was a great misfortune that the first ball of the over upset my middle stump. It curled in the air, broke both ways, kept low and bumped. I had made every arrangement for despatching it to the pavilion, when, at the last moment, its course was slightly deflected by a blade of grass, and my calculations were upset—like my middle stump. So puzzled was I by this occurrence, that in the second innings, from pure absence of mind, I gave point a catch (which he held) before, instead of after, I had compiled two or three hundred runs.

The rest of the game was quite un-remarkable, and calls for no comment.



LOSING THE MATCH.

Captain Golding. "PLAY CRICKET! WHY, I HAVEN'T TOUCHED A BAT OR BALL SINCE I WAS AT SCHOOL."
Harold. "BUT THIS MORNING MAMMA WAS TELLING PAPA WHAT A GOOD CATCH YOU WERE!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, July 14.—Not a very remarkable nor particularly distinguished gathering to meet Her Highness *La Princesse Osra*, "opéra romantique en trois actes d'après ANTHONY HOPE"—why not ANTOINE ESPÉRANCE? "Poème de MAURICE BÉRANGER" (very near BÉRANGER, only a difference); "traduction anglaise de R. H. ELKIN"; and last, but not least, where an opera is in question, "Musique de HERBERT BUNNING." Difficult to Frenchify this last name: something peculiarly English about "BUNNING." Clearly an appropriate name for the composer of a "cake-walk." But

"Cease your funning,"
Come to BUNNING,

and let us know what he has done for us and for the musical world in general. Let us hope that he has not "done for himself" in this operatic effort. To begin with, it could not have had a more satisfactory cast, as MARY-MARY-quite-contrary-GARDEN sang charmingly as the Princess, and M. MARECHAL was as good a *Stéphane* (I am supposing my reader to be thoroughly acquainted with the story as writ by ANTOINE ESPÉRANCE) as anyone could wish to hear. PLANÇON the Perfect did his best, but the part gives but small scope for an artistic basso who will be ever memorable in the recollection of opera-goers as an admirable *Mephistopheles* and perfect *Friar Laurence*.

But who can decide on the merits, for it is full of merit, of an opera entirely new to the hearer, at a single sitting?

As it takes two to make a quarrel, so ought it to take two critics, one dramatic and t'other musical, to deal, at one hearing, with the libretto and music of a new opera; and even then there should be a "third person present," who, being neither simply dramatic nor merely musical, but a master of both arts and a slave to nobody, would have the casting vote, and give his decision, from which there should be no appeal, except to the ultimate tribunal of the public.

It was well received, and HERBERT BUNNING, being called, came, and in accepting the cake of warm congratulations, looked decidedly pleased. Here's luck to BUNNING, who's in the running.

Friday night.—Second hearing of *Princesse Osra*, and first of Miss E. M. SMYTH's opera *Der Wald*, which—being translated in the programme, the title having been made in Germany—is understood as in plain English *The Forest*. Anyone wishing to learn all about this clever composeress must not consult *Smith's Smyth-ology*, as she is a very real person, about whom much that is most interesting will be found in the Musical Notes of the *Westminster Gazette* of Friday last. To-night "*place aux dames*," and BUNNING, who has achieved his success, yields the *pas* to the First Lady-Operatic Composer and Librettist whose work has been performed at Covent Garden. *Der Wald* is in one act and one scene, a charming sylvan "set." The plot, as illustrated by the *dramatis personæ*, may be fairly described as of the "Penny-plain-and-Twopence-coloured" order. As the entire action turns on the discovery, in a well, of a dead stag which had been hidden there by the poacher *Heinrich*, Herr PENNARINI, and his young woman *Rösechen* (prettily played and well sung by Frau LOHSE), the second title of the piece might fitly have been "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" There is in it a thoroughly novel dance to a movement full of life and tune. But after this the opera seems to consist of interminable duetts, the second of them being the best. Mlle. FREMSTAD powerful as the wicked *Iolanthe*, a name that recalls GILBERT and SULLIVAN, and this opera, as did that of the Savoyards, begins and ends with fairies whose presence, in the words of the immortal *Toots*, is "of no consequence, thank you." Miss SMYTH was acclaimed vociferously, the Duke of CONNAUGHT and the occupants of the Royal Box testifying their great pleasure at

what may come to be, after judicious elimination, a satisfactory success.

La Princesse Osra followed, admirably played and sung by Miss MARY GARDEN, Mlle. MAUBOURG, Messrs. MARECHAL, PLANÇON and all concerned. The *mise-en-scène* is excellent; Mr. HARKER's Throne Room perfect. Musically it is disappointing, save for accidental reminiscences.

To return for a final word to *Der Wald*. In the book there is this delightful stage direction,—"*All dance: suddenly from the wood a weird horn-blast is heard. All merriment instantly ceases. Dead silence. The Peasants turn pale.*"

This last direction is lovely. Imagine the stage-manager at rehearsal stamping his foot and exclaiming, "Now, peasants! You've not 'turned pale,' you know. Can't you turn pale? Now then, once again; you're all singing and dancing, merry as grigs; then you hear the horn—see? then you all stop dead. Then you 'turn pale.' No! no! that's not a bit like it! Try it again!" And so forth. Not even Mr. PUFF himself, in his great drama of *The Spanish Armada*, could possibly have conceived a more striking stage-direction.

MORITURI SALUTANT!

"We anticipate that within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce and Christianity!"—*Harper's Weekly*.]

We are the People, and wisdom shall die with Us,
Ours shall be ever the conqueror's part,
No other nation can possibly vie with us
Either in Letters, or Science, or Art!

Twenty years hence, 'tis the general opinion
(Think, only think, how the whole world will gain!)
All will acknowledge Columbia's dominion,
Both in the moral and physical plane.

None of the Peoples who flourished before us
Showed from the first such remarkable powers,
So let us sing in unanimous chorus,
"We are the People! The Future is Ours!"

We are, in fact, the fine flower of Humanity.
Where—save with us—can true Progress be found?
Morals and even, I fear, Christianity,
Scarcely exist in the nations around.

Art doesn't thrive in the Peoples about us,
But for our help it would probably die,
Painting would certainly perish without us,
Painters would starve if New York didn't buy.

Whether in poetry, drama or fiction,
Or in Philosophy, still we excel,
Note our remarkably elegant diction,
Notice the masterly way that we spell.

Mark our advance in the physical sciences,
Note the inventions we give to mankind,
Think of the many ingenious appliances
Due to the nimble American mind!

Europe, poor thing, can you wonder we scorn her,
Passed in the race and left lagging behind?
When we invented the Trust and the Corner,
Oh what a boon we bestowed on mankind!

Picture how Commerce was sunk in dejection,
Striving in vain to dispose of its wares,
Till these devices were brought to perfection
By the resource of our millionaires.

What is the hope, then, for civilisation?
What is the cure for a century's tears?
What—save the mighty American Nation?
That is the obvious answer. Three cheers!



"NOW, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHAT IS THE GOOD OF SITTING THERE ON A BEAUTIFUL MORNING LIKE THIS!"

"AW—I DON'T KNOW—IT'S BETTER THAN DOIN' NOTHING!"

AN HONORARY GARDENER'S REMINISCENCES.

1. *The Literature of the Garden.*—I commenced my career as a gardener by a wide course of literature. There was a certain similarity of title as well as contents among these works; but what is written for gardeners, gardeners must read. There was "Gardening," "All about Gardening," "Successful Gardening," "The Garden," "My Garden," "Our Gardens," "Amateur Gardening," "Gardening for Amateurs," "Garden Plants," "The Plants of the Garden," and a work of sinister omen, "Garden Foes." I studied this last first, and trembled. Remedies were suggested for battling with the foe, it is true, but faint hopes were held out for a successful issue from the gardener's point of view.

There was the slug, who placidly consumed seedlings; the aphid, who increased at the rate of 27 billions in three generations, and supported herself and families during this tiresome operation by devouring the choicest roses. For the rose there was also the grub, mildew, and (by way of an extra luxury for the greenhouse) the mealy bug. For the ordinary flower border there was the May frost, drought, over-watering, tomtits for the polyanthus, sparrows for the crocus, a myriad host of worms, wireworms, ants, flies, beetles, earwigs, caterpillars—and, to crown all, the unspeakable cat.

I turned for consolation to the other books. They treated of the health of body, the peace—even rapture—of mind to

be gained by the amateur gardener. I read of bulbs and bastard-trenching, of mulching, of basic slag and guano, of the Dutch hoe and the trug basket. Then I rose to the more spiritual side of the subject, and read of the Countess who broke out of her own pantry window at four o'clock in the morning to see if dewdrops really trembled in the dawn; of the poet who spoke prose whenever he walked in his garden with ladies; and of the daring people who strive to bring about the downfall of the scarlet "geranium."

2. *The Work of the Garden.*—Thus inspired, I dug, I hoed, I clipped, I pruned, I mulched with manures of the most poignant odours. All the garden foes arrived with frightful punctuality, and more than fulfilled what I had been led to expect of them. I am convinced that my aphides increased at the rate of 90 billions per three generations, instead of only 27 billions. Such seedlings as were spared from sheer lack of appetite by the surfeited slugs perished by my own hand under mistaken applications of soot; while many a plant fell a victim to the virulent insecticides with which I syringed it.

3. *The Obliteration of the Garden.*—At length I rose in revolt. I engaged a man with a plough and a team of powerful horses, and caused him to plough slowly and thoroughly through every border in my garden. Then I collected the literature and sent it in a sack to the nearest rag-merchant.



V. L. NORTON 1902.

Dolly. "PLEASE, MISS SHARP, MAMMA SAYS HAVE YOU REALLY LEFT YOUR SONGS AT HOME?"

Miss Sharp. "YES, DEAR. WHY?"

Dolly. "WELL, PAPA SAYS 'IT SOUNDS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

On Choosing a Subject.—All the world's your oyster, especially if it be in rapid motion. No other art than yours can seize the odorous, vaporous tail of the agitated motor-car, or arrest in mid-air the brief repose of the cyclist who dives from pier-ends. You will, however, endeavour to be original. A charging bull taken end on—the business end, of course—makes a novel and spirited study, and one well within the capacity of modern apparatus, provided it be properly handled. The photograph should be taken from the other side of the hedge, otherwise the negative will probably be disfigured by holes that will require careful retouching.

Of Composition.—This is a word used by arrogant painters to describe their private re-arrangements of the universe. It is, like Poetry, not a true thing. Have nothing to do with it. Snap boldly in the face of Nature As She Is. She won't mind. N.B. This does not apply to ladies at the sea-side who are strangers to you.

Of Development.—Bear in mind that what happens is the unexpected. If nothing happens, remember that all things come to those who know how to wait.

Of Technical Terms.—Two or more different views taken inadvertently upon the same plate may be called a composite photograph. Figures which show absolutely and uniformly black, owing to all the light having been on the far side, may be termed silhouettes. The opportune use of these expressions will be found essential in inducing your friends to believe that the respective results were intended.

Of Toning Down.—If the portrait of the girl of your heart comes out with a face suggestive of a coloured progenitor, expatiate on the beauties of the background, and regret parenthetically that she didn't take her hat off. If in any

print the horizon should show a marked tendency to assume the perpendicular, point out that only the most despicable hypercriticism would condemn a work of art upon a charge that may be entirely removed by holding the thing at a suitable angle. If a picture shows such a want of definition as to leave its subject in considerable doubt, commend its tone, and explain that the sun went in—which, of course, wasn't your fault—or label it frankly a moonlight effect.

Of Exposures.—None need be feared if a sufficient supply of explanatory remarks similar to the above be kept in stock.

THE MUSE AND THE POET.

Poet. At last! Don't trouble to explain—

The tube, no doubt, gone wrong again.

Muse. Oh, if you're nasty and severe

I wish I had not hurried here.

Poet. Hurried! I've waited hours.

Muse. These men!

If I had made it weeks, what then?

Could you without my aid have written

A single sentence, stolid Briton?

When I am absent, well you know

Your fountain pen forgets to flow.

Poet. To work, then! Take your hat off, won't you?

Muse. You think it rather pretty, don't you?

Poet. The hat? What's wrong with it? I thought it—

Muse. I've only just this instant bought it—

Poet. Whilst I was sitting fuming here—

Muse. But tell me, don't you like it, dear?

Poet. Well, yes, it's—

Muse. Thanks! And now, confess,

You rather like my muslin dress?

It suits me?

Poet. Yes. But what a skirt

For Fleet Street smoke and Fleet Street dirt!

Muse. O yes, of course it's far too pretty

To wear in this disgusting city.

The scent of hay is on the breeze;

I long for fields, green grass and trees,

And cool blue waters lapping sweetly—

Come! I desire the "Swan" at Streatley!

I'll teach you to sing of the river

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

With silvery willows a-quiver

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

I'll show you the Zephyrs a-playing

And setting the rushes a-swaying—

Hark! hark! I can hear what they're saying

Above our Canader canoe.

"Oh, Summer the season for bliss is

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

For laughter and courting and kisses

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

Come, paddle your sweet little lady

Down backwaters sheltered and shady,

Or lie at your ease, like a Cadi,

As we waft your Canader canoe.

"There's nowhere Love dallies so sweetly

(Sing hey! for a heaven of blue!)

As under the willows at Streatley

(Sing ho! for a heart that is true!)

Here PHYLLIS and STREPHON are straying,

Here youth is for ever a-maying—"

Hark! hark! I can hear what they're saying

Above our Canader—can you?